only if you'd like me to, fall in love

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only if you'd like me to, fall in love

by autocat5876

Summary

after the events of by8, shadow milk cookie gets taken in by pure vanilla cookie

Notes

I PLAYED THE FULL BEAST YEAST 7 UPDATE THE NIGHT IT CAME OUT. AND CRIED MYSELF TO SLEEP and then woke up at 3am and texted my friend this whole fics plot. great days! its kinda all over the place because its my intro to the au sorry this is probably really ooc but its almost midnight and i need to subject the world to my brainrot

i also use every characters full name ([name] cookie) because thats how the dialogue in game works SORRY IF THATS ANNOYING GEEEULP. anyways yeah! please enjoy

title is from clusterhug by i dont know how but they found me

See the end of the work for more notes

The meeting room was silent for about three seconds after Pure Vanilla Cookie closed his mouth, offering up what was probably the worst idea his mind could have come up with. Three seconds of peace, interrupted by every other Ancient in the room (save for White Lily Cookie, who, fortunately for her, was having her own meeting with the faeries) erupting into outrage and immediate denial.

"Pure Vanilla Cookie, have you lost your mind?!" Golden Cheese Cookie's voice rung out with the first comprehensible words, the shock and anguish in her voice thick enough to cut with a knife.

"What even made you think of an idea like this?" added on Hollyberry Cookie, nothing but exasperation painting her features.

"Absolutely *not*," followed Dark Cacao Cookie, drawing the room back into silence. all eyes turned to him as he continued. "Pure Vanilla Cookie, you are my friend, but I cannot let you do this."

"Why not? I explained exactly why this would work," the cookie under fire replied, his foggy eyes facing towards the sounds of his friend's voice.

"Because your 'idea' involves allowing *him* into your own home!" he bit out, his hand raising to point to a chair placed in the back of the room.

Heads turned to face the subject of Dark Cacao Cookie's rage, who in turn gave an awkward smile and wave with one hand, the other gripping the edge of the seat.

Shadow Milk Cookie.

"Yes, I know this. but like I said, he's forgotten everything. He didn't even know his own name before I told him it..." Pure Vanilla Cookie trailed off, before sighing and squaring his resolve. "He's harmless. And *helpless*."

Golden Cheese Cookie scoffed, "He could just be lying to you- that *is* a common tactic of his."

"I know, i know. but... just look at him. His Soul Jam is cracked. Even if he were to be lying, the source of his power is gone."

The awkward smile on Shadow Milk Cookie's face slowly dropped as he placed a hand over the cracked gemstone over his chest. "You mean

this thing?" he asked quietly, fearing backlash from the other three ancients. "I woke up and it was broken, and I don't remember how it broke, promise!"

The Ancients turned back to the table, lowering their voices enough to be hidden.

"Pure Vanilla Cookie, we cannot stop you from doing this, but if this leads to something dangerous, you are to deal with it yourself." Dark Cacao Cookie's words were clear despite the hushed tone. "As your friend, I'm telling you this is a mistake."

Pure Vanilla Cookie sighed, his shoulders falling with the air. "I know."

Months passed since Pure Vanilla Cookie took Shadow Milk Cookie in, and much to his surprise, nothing had exploded or collapsed with the jester around. In fact, the castle could even be said to look better than before, with the help he had been providing.

In the first few days in the castle, Shadow Milk Cookie clung to the king's side like a barb, scared to even step out of his sightless gaze. With the healer's help, he began to explore the grounds more, day by day becoming more and more comfortable with the thought of independency

(To Pure Vanilla Cookie, the sight of the once mighty Beast reduced to, in essence, an anxiety riddled child, was a rather interesting fact to get used to. Though, he wouldn't have minded if he stayed like that forever. He was much easier to keep an eye on that way.)

With his newfound ability to be alone, Shadow Milk Cookie took it upon himself to begin helping with daily duties. Cooking (mostly for himself, as the castle staff took care of the rest), cleaning, anything to fill his time.

It was… shockingly peaceful.

And in that peace formed a sort of friendship between the two deities of knowledge. Pure Vanilla Cookie couldn't hold his grudge against Shadow Milk Cookie, not when he wasn't even aware of the horrors he'd caused in his past. Once he found it in him to set aside his disdain towards who Shadow Milk Cookie used to be, he began to realize he was nice company to have.

In his time recovering, Shadow Milk Cookie's old self began to return to him in the form of bad joke and snappy comments. On several occasions, Pure Vanilla Cookie would find him subconsciously float off the ground when laughing at a particularly bad joke of his, before touching back down as if nothing happened.

The slow return to his original personality should have worried Pure Vanilla Cookie, but he never once seemed to remember his past actions, so he decided there was no worry. After all, he reasoned, if Shadow Milk Cookie remembered, surely he would have lashed out against the kingdom by that point.

Pure Vanilla Cookie woke up after a long night of council, grumbling softly as sunlight peeked through the gap in his curtains and fell upon his blurry eyes. He flipped onto his side to face away from the glass, tugging the blankets over his head. He'd had a long night, he deserved to sleep in. Shutting his eyes again, he slowly began to find his way back to sleep.

Sleep, which, to his luck, he just barely couldn't make it to as a loud rapping from his door flew through the air. It was probably an attendant making sure he was alive, but he couldn't find it in him to get up and greet them.

"I'm… awake," he called out softly. "Just resting. Unless there's something dire, I'd like to be alone today."

A quiet giggle was the reply he got from the other side of the door. "So I can't come visit my friend? You're just going to leave me out here?"

Ah, Shadow Milk Cookie. What was he doing here? They had no plans for the day, so Pure Vanilla Cookie couldn't have been missing out on an event. Could he be checking up on him? It was possible, but with the tone and his words, unlikely.

He chose not to answer, burying his face into his pillow. The situation wasn't dire, therefore he should be left alone.

"Giving me the silent treatment? Come on!" Shadow Milk Cookie sing-songed, drawing out his words. "You know, you're really not that fun, hm, silly-Vanilly?"

Pure Vanilla Cookie froze. That nickname rang through his head like he was stuck underneath the bells of the chapel after mass. In the

months of living together, Shadow Milk Cookie had never called him a nickname, not even a shortening of his name, so why now of all times? It couldn't have been coincidence that, after everything, he'd returned back to that old nickname…

A sigh, followed by a gentle tap of metal on metal- the bells on Shadow Milk Cookie's wrists clinking against the doorknob. "I'm coming in! If you're awake enough to reply then you're awake enough to see me."

The hinges of the door creaked open before Pure Vanilla Cookie could oppose, but no steps were heard entering. He sighed, blindly reaching for his staff next to him, tapping it once on the ground to grant him sight for the time being.

As light slowly formed into clear images, Pure Vanilla Cookie was met with Shadow Milk Cookie's face uncomfortably close to his own, that grin he hadn't seen in almost half a year now plainly in front of him to see.

So that was why there were no footsteps. He had floated in.

"You *are* awake enough! See!"

"Shadow Milk Cookie, what do you want?"

"To talk," he replied simply, lounging in the air above the bed. "You said you have nothing to do today, didn't you?"

Pure Vanilla Cookie sat up, running a hand through his tangled hair. "I said I was going to be alone today."

"It won't take long, promise!" He giggled. "And plus, when has that ever stopped me?"

The king paused, taking a moment to think. Shadow Milk Cookie was acting awfully… *himself* today. While he had slowly been regaining his old personality, this was… much more than usual. It was almost as if he was back to his original self, but that would be impossible, unless-

Oh.

Oh.

"You remember, don't you?" Pure Vanilla Cookie murmured, glancing down at his bedsheets. He hoped it wasn't the case, but, well, what

else could explain this? He seemed to hit the nail on the head, as Shadow Milk Cookie paused his movements in the air.

"You've always been quick to realize the truth, haven't you, Nilla? Guess that is your job, after all!" His words were playful, but the shake in his hands wasn't ignored. "I was going to try and hide it, but I couldn't help it the moment I saw you. You're just too easy to tease!"

"When?" It couldn't have been that long ago. He would have been able to tell, surely? But then again, Shadow Milk Cookie was still the master of deceit- no matter what he looked or acted like, he would still be him.

Shadow Milk Cookie sighed, flipping onto his back. "Last night it all came back to me. Well- the important bits anyways. Most of it's foggy or not-all-there. Ironic considering the whole 'Fount of Knowledge' thing, huh?"

The room fell into an uncomfortable silence, Pure Vanilla Cookie pondering what could have caused this to happen. Nothing the day before could have triggered anything in Shadow Milk Cookie's mind to cause the memories his past to return, nor did anything signal their return.

(In truth, it was due to their slowly building friendship that both chose to ignore becoming more than just that. The time they spend together in a day grew longer, their actions more for one another, their thoughts focusing on each other. The festering emotions slowly, carefully, and ever-so-sweetly began to mend the cracks and dents in Shadow Milk Cookie's Soul Jam, and finished their work the night before. Pure Vanilla Cookie kept it stored away, for his own memory's sake, so it was no wonder he didn't notice the way the cracks filled with the colour of his own Soul Jam.)

"Before you say anything," Shadow Milk Cookie's voice cut through the silence like a dull blade, "I'm not gonna try and kill you or anything. Not in the mood."

Pure Vanilla Cookie's brow furrowed as he tilted his head. "I thought you hated me? Didn't you lure me into your domain just to kill me?"

"I don't hate you- I mean-" he groaned, ruffling his hair with his hands as he flipped in the air yet again to sit cross legged. "I don't *like* you, but you've been stupidly nice to me this whole time, and if I attack you, not only am I losing my housing, but you'd call your buddies on me and I'd be good as gone!"

The giggle that slipped out of Pure Vanilla Cookie was fully unintentional, but he couldn't help the little sound as it happened. Silence again took over the room for only a moment, before that giggle turned to full laughter.

"Wh- What's so funny?!"

Pure Vanilla Cookie gasped for a breath, an arm clutching his stomach. "I'm sorry. It's just… you don't hate me? After everything, I would have thought my 'kindness was sickening', or you would have just taken me out in my sleep."

Shadow Milk Cookie rolled his eyes, the spark of trickery returning to them at the other's words. "Ugh, now I'm regretting *not* doing that. Would you mind falling asleep so I can go through with your lovely idea?" he grinned, baring his sharpened teeth as he leaned close to Pure Vanilla Cookie's face.

They maintained eye contact for as long as both could, before they both broke out again into snickers and giggles. To Pure Vanilla Cookie, it was surreal. The cookie who once wanted nothing more than to crumble him was now laughing along with him, floating above his legs in his own private chambers. And while he was scared this was all a ruse to lower his guard, the past months had taught him much about the way his guest acted and expressed. If he really wanted to hurt him, this conversation would never have happened.

Shadow Milk Cookie recovered first from his fit of laughter, his grin morphing into something a little more real. "Alright, now to the actual business I needed to talk to you about!" He clapped his hands together.

Wiping at tears that formed, Pure Vanilla Cookie nodded his head. "Was… was that not what you wanted to discuss?"

"Well, it was *part* of it! But I have one more request, and that is to never have to cook and clean again! I don't care if I was doing it by choice, I'm not doing that a single more time. Those sort of tasks aren't for people like me!"

"If you're doing them by your own will, you don't have to ask. I never expected you to do chores for me."

"Oh- why didn't you just say so! I was doing all these things to try and win your favour and you're telling me it was for nothing?"

Pure Vanilla Cookie smiled, a gentle dusting of pink sprinkling over his cheeks. "You were trying to win my favour?"

The pink of his blush seemed to be as infectious as his laugh, as Shadow Milk Cookie's face tinted a dark shade of purple at the comment. "Shut up. You know what I meant!" His hand reached out, gently pushing at Pure Vanilla Cookie's shoulder.

If he did, Pure Vanilla Cookie never said. He was much too happy knowing that maybe, just maybe, Shadow Milk Cookie might be telling the truth for the first time in a very, very long time.

End Notes

if you have any thoughts or questions about this au feel free to leave a comment or shoot me an ask on my tumblr (autocat5876 if the link doesn't work)!! i have a million brainworms about these guys so yeah ... anything you want to ask or any thoughts you may have i want to hear it all

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